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C A N D I D:

O R,

All for the Best.

*Translated from the French of*

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

P A R T II.



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CANDID

All for the Best

M. DE WOLFAIRE

PART II

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ADVERTISEMENT.

**R**EADER, if peradventure thou art a man of true taste, sound judgment and choice reading, thou wilt easily perceive this to be the work of Mons. VOLTAIRE, or of a writer of equal abilities, notwithstanding the opinion of some pretended criticks; who without wit, without talents, without learning, without humour, without taste, and without judgment, presume to speak decisively concerning works of genius. If thou hast read the French original of this second part, thou wilt confess it to be in no wise inferior to the first; that the language is as elegant, the satire as keen, and the humour equally original: But if thou art such an ass as to perceive in it neither style,

## ADVERTISEMENT.

fatire nor humour, thou art a dull animal, and I should be glad to hear thee rank the original with common romances, and the translation with common translations.

N. B. Geographers tell us that the Propontis is a sea; but if the author chuses to make a country of it, what's that to me, as a translator.

CON-

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CANDID




# CANDID.

OR,

## All for the Best.



### PART II.



#### CHAP. I.

*How Candide was separated from his company, and  
what was the consequence.*

**W**E naturally in time grow weary of every thing in the world: riches become burthenfome to the possessor; ambition, when gratified, leaves nothing behind but regret; the delights of love lose all their relish; and Candide, who was born to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, soon grew weary of cultivating his garden. My dear Pangloss, says he, if it be true that this is the best of all possible worlds, you will at least confess, that it is not enjoying a due proportion of possible happiness,

B

to

to live unknown in a remote corner of Propontis with no other support than the labour of my body ; no other pleasure than that which I receive from Cunegund, who is very ugly, and who is my wife, which is worst of all ; no other company than yourself, of whom I am often tired ; or that of Martin, who makes me low spirited ; or that of friar Giroflée, who is but lately become honest ; or that of Paquette, which you know is dangerous ; or that of the old woman, who has but one buttock, and who puts one to sleep with her long stories.

To which Pangloss thus replied : Philosophy informs us, that the *monades*, which are divisible *ad infinitum*, disposing themselves with wonderful intelligence, form the different bodies which we observe in nature. The heavenly bodies are exactly such as they ought to be ; they are placed in their proper situations ; they describe the curves which they ought to describe ; man follows the inclinations which he ought to follow, he is what he ought to be, he does what he ought to do. You, O Candide ! complain, because the *monade* of your soul is weary of its situation : but this weariness is a modification of the soul, and does not by any means prove that all is not for the best, both with regard to you  
and



and the rest of mankind. When you beheld me covered with ulcers I did not at all relax in my opinion; for if Miss Paquette had not given me a taste both of love and its poison, I should not have met you in Holland; I should not have been the cause of James the Anabaptist's doing a meritorious act; I should not have been hanged at Lisbon for the edification of my fellow creatures; I should not now be here to support you by my advice, and encourage you to live and die in the opinions of Leibnitz. Yes, my dear Candid, there is a concatenation of events which are necessarily attached to each other in this best of all possible worlds. It is indispensably necessary that a citizen of Montauban should instruct kings; that the worm of Kimper Corentin should criticise, criticise, criticise; that the impeacher of philosophers should be crucified in the street of St. Denis; that an understrapper of the Recollects, and the Archdeacon of St. Malos should distill rancour and calumny in their Christian journals; that philosophy should be accused at the tribunal of Melpomene; and that philosophers should continue to enlighten mankind, notwithstanding the the increase of ridiculous brutes who grovel in the mire of literature; and though you were to

be kicked out of the finest castle in the world, forced again to learn the exercise of the Bulgarians, and to run the gauntlet a second time; to be obliged once more to suffer the filthy effects of the zeal of a Dutch frow; to be cruelly scourged by the holy inquisition at Lisbon; to run the same risk among *Los Padres*, and the French; in short, were you to experience every possible calamity, even without understanding Leibnitz better than I myself, you would still maintain, that all is for the best, that the *plenum*, *materia subtilis*, pre-established harmony, and *monades*, are the prettiest things in the world, and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not comprehend his meaning.

To this fine discourse, Candid (who was the mildest creature in the world, notwithstanding his having killed three men, two of whom were priests) made no reply; but, weary of the Doctor and his company, the next morning by break of day, a white sapling in his hand, he beat his march, without knowing whither, in quest of some place where life was no burthen, and where men were not men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candid,

Candid, less unhappy since his affection for Cunigund was entirely vanished, was beholden for subsistence to people of various nations, who are not Christians, but are nevertheless charitable. He arrived, after a very long and difficult march, at Tauris, on the confines of Persia, a city famous for having been alternately the scene of Turkish and Persian cruelty.

Candid, ematiated with fatigue, and clad with little more raiment than was barely sufficient to conceal that which is man's peculiar distinction, and which man nevertheless calls his shame, began to doubt the opinions of Pangloss, when a Persian accosting him in the most polite manner, intreated him to enoble his house by his presence. You banter me, said Candid; I am a poor devil, who have quitted a miserable habitation in Propontis, because I married Cunegund, who is grown ugly, and because I grew weary of her: in truth, I am not worthy to enoble the house of any one, for I myself am not noble, heaven be praised! If I were, Baron Thunder-Ton-Trouckh should have paid dearly for the kicks upon my breech with which he was pleased to honour me, or I should have died with shame; which, however,

would have been philosophical enough: besides, I have been most ignominiously scourged by the hand of the executioner to the holy inquisition, as also by two thousand heroes at two pence three farthings per day. Give me what you please, but don't insult my misery by your jokes, which do but destroy the merit of your benevolence. My Lord, replied the Persian, you may be a beggar, and indeed that seems pretty evident; but my religion obliges me to hospitality: it is sufficient that you are a man, and unhappy, to make the apple of my eye your footstool; deign to enoble my house with your radiant presence. I am entirely at your service, said Candid. Walk in then, replied the Persian. They entered the house, and Candid was astonished at the respectful civility of his host. The slaves anticipated his wants, and the whole house seemed employed only to serve and amuse him. If this continues, said Candid to himself, things are not quite so bad in this country. Three days passed, and the civilities of the Persian were not yet relaxed: Candid now exclaimed, O Pangloss, I was always of opinion that you were in the right, for you are a great philosopher!



## C H A P. II.

*What happened to Candid in this House, and how  
he came to leave it.*

CANDID being well fed, well clothed, and feeling no discontent, soon grew as ruddy, fresh, and handsome as he was in Westphalia. Ishmael Rahab, his host, perceived the change with pleasure: this man was six foot high; he had a pair of little eyes extremely red, and a large nose full of carbuncles, which sufficiently proclaimed his frequent infraction of the law of Mahomet. His whiskers were famous throughout all the province, and it was the first wish of every mother that her son might have just such whiskers. Rahab had wives, because he was rich; but he thought, as many Eastern people are but too apt to think, as well as some of the universities in Europe. Your excellence is more beautiful than the stars, said the artful Persian, one day, to our unsuspecting hero, gently stroking him under the chin: Your charms must have captivated many hearts; you were born to give and to enjoy happiness. Alas! replied Candid, I was but half happy behind the

skreen, for I was far from being at my ease. Cunegund was then handsome. ——— Cunegund, poor innocent ! Follow me, my Lord, said the Persian ; and Candid followed him.

They came to a most enchanting inclosure at the bottom of a wood, where silence and voluptuousness seemed to reign. There, Ishmael Rahab, tenderly embracing Candid, in few words declared a passion for him like that which the beautiful Alexis so feelingly describes in the Georgics of Virgil. Candid was unable to recover from his astonishment. No, cried he, I will never submit to such infamy ! What a strange cause, and what a shocking effect ! I had rather suffer death. Thou shalt die then, said the furious Ishmael. How ! Christian dog, because I very politely meant to give thee pleasure ! ——— Resolve to satisfy me, or to endure the most cruel death. Candid did not long hesitate. The Persian's powerful arguments were sufficient to make him tremble ; but he feared death like a philosopher.

Custom soon reconciles us to any thing. Candid, well fed, well instructed, though confined, was not absolutely dissatisfied with his situation.

Good

Good living, and the various entertainments exhibited by the slaves of Ishmael, gave some intermission to his griefs; he was unhappy only when he reflected; and so are the greatest part of mankind.

About this time one of the chief supports of the church militant of Persia, the most learned of all the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic at his fingers ends, and even the Greek which is at this day spoken in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the Rev. Ed-Jvan-Baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had been disputing with the Rev. Mamoud-Abram, on a very delicate point of doctrine, namely, Whether the prophet had plucked the quill, with which he wrote the Alcoran, out of the wing of the angel Gabriel, or whether Gabriel had presented it to him? They had disputed, during three days and three nights, with a zeal worthy of the ages most renowned for controversy, when the Doctor returned persuaded like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; and Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of the sect of Omar, that the prophet was incapable of such a piece of rudeness, and that the angel presented it

to him with the most becoming grace imaginable.

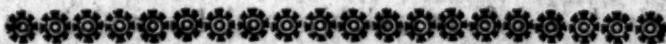
It was reported, that there had been at Constantinople, a kind of free-thinker; who had insinuated, that it was proper to inquire into the truth of the Alcoran's having been actually written with a quill taken from the angel Gabriel; but he was stoned.

Candid's arrival made a great noise in Tauris: several persons who had heard of contingent effects, and effects not contingent, began to doubt of his being a philosopher. They mentioned it to the Rev. Ed-Jvan-Baal-Denk; he was curious to see him, and Rahab, who could not refuse a person of his consideration, ordered Candid into his presence. He seemed intirely satisfied with Candid's manner of reasoning on physical and moral evil, on things active and passive. I understand you are a philosopher, and that is sufficient, said the venerable Cenobite: it is very improper that so great a man as you are should be treated unworthily, which I am informed is the case. You are a stranger, Ishmael Rahab has no right over you. I will take you to court, where you will meet with a favourable reception; the Sophi is fond

of



of the sciences. Ishmael, deliver this young philosopher into my hands, or you will incur the displeasure of your prince, and draw upon you the vengeance of heaven, but more especially of its ministers. These last words terrified the intrepid Persian; he consented to every thing, and Candid blessing heaven and the priesthood, set out for Tauris that very day with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Isphan, where they arrived amidst the blessings and acclamations of the people.



### CHAP. III.

*Candid's reception at Court, and what followed.*

**T**HE Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candid to the king. His Majesty took a singular pleasure in listening to his discourse, and placed him among the learned men of his court; but these learned men treated him as an ignorant fool, and an idiot, which very much contributed to persuade his Majesty that he was a great man. Because, said he to them, you cannot comprehend Candid's

arguments, you affront him; but for my part, though I understand them no better than you, I assure you that he is a great philosopher; I swear it by my whiskers. These words imposed silence on the learned.

Candid was lodged in the palace, and allowed slaves for his service; he was cloathed in a magnificent suit, and the Sophi commanded that, let him say what he would, no one should dare to prove him in the wrong. His Majesty did not stop here. The venerable priest ceased not to importune him in favour of Candid, and he resolved, at last, to rank him with his most intimate favourites.

God be praised and our holy prophet, said the Iman, addressing Candid, I have brought you a most agreeable piece of intelligence: how happy are you, my dear Candid! How will you be envied! You will swim in opulence; you may aspire to the most illustrious employments of the empire. Forget me not, however, my dear friend; remember that you are obliged to me for the favours with which you will soon be honoured. The king will bestow upon you a kindness which is greatly esteemed, and you will shortly exhibit an entertainment which

which the court has not enjoyed this two years! And pray, what are the honours designed me by the prince? said Candid. This very day, replied the priest, quite delighted, you will receive fifty strokes upon the soles of your feet, with a bull's pizzle, in the presence of his Majesty. The eunuchs who are to perfume you, will be here immediately; prepare to support, with becoming resolution, this little trial, and make yourself worthy of the king of kings. Let the king of kings keep his favours, cried Candid, if, to deserve them, I must receive fifty strokes with a bull's pizzle. 'Tis his custom, replied the doctor coldly, with those on whom he would bestow his favours. I esteem you too much to report your reluctance, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself.

They had scarce done speaking when the eunuchs entered, preceded by the executor of his Majesty's minute pleasures, who was one of the tallest and most robust lords of the court. Candid would rather have been excused; but in spite of all he could say or do, they perfumed his legs and feet according to custom. Four eunuchs conducted him to the place appointed for the ceremony, in the midst of a double rank of

soldiers, to the sound of musical instruments, cannon, and the ringing of bells. The Sophi was already there, attended by his principal officers, and the most intelligent of his courtiers. Candid was stretched in a moment on a gilded bench, and the executor of the minute pleasures was preparing to enter upon his office. O Pangloss, Pangloss, if you were here!—said Candid, crying and weeping with all his might, which would have been thought very indecent if the priest had not asserted, that his favourite behaved in this manner, only to give his Majesty more entertainment. In truth, this great king laughed most immoderately; he was so pleased with the sight, that when the fifty strokes were given, he ordered fifty more. But his prime-minister having represented, with uncommon boldness, that this favour, conferred on a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked his order, and Candid was remanded back to his apartment.

They put him to bed, having bathed his feet with vinegar. The nobility came, one after another, to congratulate him; even the Sophi honoured him with his presence; he not only suffered him to kiss his hand, but gave him a devilish drive



drive in the chaps with his fist. The politicians thence conjectured that his fortune was made, and what is more extraordinary, though politicians, they were not mistaken.



#### CHAP. IV.

*Candid receives new favours. His elevation.*

**O**UR hero was no sooner recovered, than he was presented to the king, in order to express his gratitude for the favours with which he had been honoured: The monarch received him graciously; moreover he deigned to give him two or three slaps in the face during the conversation, and when he took his leave condescended to kick his a—— as he went along, even as far as the guard room: the courtiers were all ready to die with envy. Since the time his Majesty had first began to bruise his special favourites, no one had ever had the honour to be so thoroughly bruised as Candid.

Three days after this audience, our philosopher, who was ready to go mad at the favours  
he

he had received, and began to think that things went very ill, was named governor of Chufistan, with despotic power. He was decorated with a fur cap, which in Persia is a mark of high distinction. Having taken leave of the Sophi, who honoured him with the repetition of some favours, he set out for Sus, the capital of the province. From the moment Candid had appeared at court, the grandees of the empire conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the Sophi had so lavishly bestowed on him, served only to increase the storm which was ready to burst over his head. Nevertheless, he rejoiced in his good fortune, and especially in his remote situation: his ideas anticipated the pleasures of supremacy, and he said from the bottom of his heart.

*Thrice happy they who from their sovereign dwell  
Far distant! —*

Scarce had he travelled twenty miles from Is-  
pahan, when on a sudden, a body of five hun-  
dred cavalry saluted him with a furious discharge  
of their carbines. Candid thought at first it was  
intended as a compliment; but a ball which  
shattered his leg to pieces, soon convinced him  
of his mistake. His people threw down their  
arms,

arms, and Candid, almost dead, was carried to a desolate castle. His baggage, his camels, his slaves, his white eunuchs, his black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives which the Sophi had given him for his own use, all became the spoil of the conquerors. They cut off the leg of our hero to prevent a mortification, and endeavoured to preserve his life to the intent that he might suffer a more cruel death.

O Pangloss, Pangloss! What would become of your optimism, if you now beheld me, with only one leg, in the hands of my most cruel enemies? When I had just entered the path of felicity; just made governor, or rather king, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of antient Medea; when I became possessed of camels, slaves, white eunuchs and black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives for my own use, and of which I had yet made no use — Thus Candid spoke when he was able to speak.

But whilst he thus bewailed his misery, fortune stood his friend. The prime minister being informed of the violence which had been committed, had dispatched a sufficient body of veterans in pursuit of the rebels; and the priest Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, had published by means of  
other

other priests, that Candid being favoured by the priests, was consequently a favourite with God. Besides, those who were acquainted with the conspiracy, were the more impatient to discover it, since the ministers of religion had declared in the name of Mahomet, that if any one had eaten swine's flesh, drank wine, passed several days without bathing, or visited a woman at an improper time, contrary [to the express commands of the alcoran, should, upon declaring what he knew of the conspiracy, be, *ipso facto*, absolved. Candid's prison was soon discovered; it was instantly forced open, and, as religion was concerned, the vanquished were, according to rule, exterminated. Candid, marching over heaps of dead bodies, triumphed over the greatest danger he had ever yet experienced, and, together with his attendants, continued his rout towards his government, where he was received as a peculiar favourite who had been honoured with the bastinado in the presence of the king of kings.



## C H A P. V.

*As how Candid was a great prince, but not satisfied.*

**P**hilosophy inspires men with the love of their fellow creatures : Pascal is almost the only philosopher who seems endeavouring to make us hate them. Happily Candid had never read Pascal : he loved poor humanity with all his soul. Honest men perceived his disposition : they had hitherto been kept at a distance from the Missi Dominici of Persia, but it was not difficult for them to assemble in the presence of Candid, and to assist him with their counsel. He made many wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce and the arts. He rewarded those who had made useful experiments, and even those who had only written books, met with encouragement. When all my subjects are contented (said Candid to himself with the most charming candor imaginable) then possibly I may be happy : he was but little acquainted with human nature. His reputation was attacked in seditious libels, and he was calumniated in a work called *l'Ami des hommes*. He found that by endeavouring

vouring to make men happy, he did but excite their ingratitude. O, cried Candid, how difficult it is to govern these unfledged animals which vegetate on the face of the earth! Why did I not remain on my little farm in the company of master Pangloss, Cunigund, the daughter of Pope Urban X. who has but one buttock, friar Giroflée, and the luxurious Paquette!



## CH A P. VI.

### *Candid's pleasures.*

CANDID, in the extremity of his grief, wrote a most pathetic letter to the right reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, who was so exceedingly moved with the sad picture of his misery, that he persuaded the Sophi to dismiss Candid from his employment. His Majesty, in recompence for his services, granded him a very considerable pension. Thus eased of the weight of grandeur, our philosopher sought the optimism of Pangloss in the pleasures of private life. Hitherto he seemed to have lived for others,

thers, and to have forgot that he had a seraglio. He now recollected this circumstance with that emotion which the very idea of a seraglio inspires. Let all things be prepared, said he to his prime eunuch, for my entrance among my wives. My Lord, replied the squeeking gentleman, it is now that your excellence deserves the name of *wife*. Men, for whom you have done so much, were unworthy your attention; but women — It may be so, said Candid very modestly.

In the center of a garden, in which nature was assisted by art to develop her charms, stood a small fabric whose structure was simple, yet elegant, and therefore quite different from those which are seen in the suburbs of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Candid approached this temple, but not without a blush. The soft air spread a delicious fragrance round the peaceful mansion. The flowers amorously entwined, seemed guided by the instinct of pleasure; nor were they only the flowers of a day: the rose never lost its vermilion. The remote view of a shaggy rock, whence fell a rapid torrent, seemed calculated to invite the soul to that sweet melancholy which preceeds  
en-

enjoyment. Candid trembling, entered the saloon, where taste and magnificence were elegantly displayed; a secret charm thrilled through every sense. He beholds, breathing upon the canvas, the youthful Telemachus in the midst of the nymphs of Calipso's court. He then turns his eyes to a half naked Diana flying into the arms of Endymion. But his agitation increased, when he beheld a Venus faithfully copied from that of Italy. All at once he is struck with the sound of divine music; a number of young Circassian women appear covered with their veils; they form around him a dance agreeably imagined, and more veritable than those which are exhibited upon the stage after the death of your Cæsars, and your Pomies.

At a certain signal, their veils dropt: their expressive features add new life to the entertainment: they practice every bewitching attitude, but without any apparent design: one by her leering eyes expressed a boundless passion; another in a soft languor seemed to expect pleasure without seeking it; a third bends forward, but raised herself immediately so as to afford a transient glance at those ravishing charms, which at Paris the fair sex so profusely display; a fourth  
carelessly



carelessly throws back the skirt of her robe and discovers a leg, which of itself was sufficient to enflame a man of delicacy. The dance ceases, and the beauties stand motionless.

The silence brings Candid to himself. The phrenzey of love takes possession of his soul. He gazes with inexpressible avidity. He kisses their white hands, and ventures to touch their still whiter necks.

Our philosopher contemplates with attention one of a more delicate shape and majestic deportment than the rest; but throws his handkerchief to a young nymph whose languishing eyes seemed peculiarly to court his affection, and whose beauty was improved by her blushes. The eunuch instantly opened the door of an apartment which was consecrated to the mysteries of love. The lovers entered, and the eunuch said to his master: You are now going to be happy. Oh, replied Candid, I hope I am.

The cieling and the walls of this delightful chamber were covered with mirrors, and in the middle stood a couch of black satin: here he seated the fair Circassian, and began to undress

he

her with inconceivable alertness. The good creature did not interrupt him, except to express her affection by her kisses. O, my Lord, said she, like a true Mahometan, how happy you have made your slave! How you honour her by your transports! These few words charmed our philosopher. He was lost in extacy, and every thing he beheld was entirely new to him. What difference between Cunigund grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian heroes, and a young Circassian of eighteen, who was never ravished! This was the first time that poor Candid had tasted pleasure. The objects which he devoured were repeated in the glass. Which way soever he turned his eyes, he saw the black satin contrasted with the whitest skin in the universe. He beheld — but I am obliged to comply with the false delicacy of our language. Let it suffice to say, that our philosopher was completely happy.

O master, my dear master Pangloss! cried Candid quite enrapt, all is full as well here as in Eldorado; nothing but a fine woman can satisfy the desires of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher: for instance, I make no doubt but you, my lovely angel, are in-

inclined towards optimism, as you have always been happy. Alas! replied the lovely angel, I know not what you mean by optimism; but your slave was never happy before to day. If my Lord will deign to hear me, I will convince him of this by a concise relation of my adventures. With all my heart, said Candid: I am in a proper state of tranquility to listen to a story: and so the charming slave began her tale, as in the following chapter.



## CHAP VII.

### *The History of Zirza.*

**M**Y father was a Christian, and I also am a Christian, as he told me. He lived in a little hermitage in the neighbourhood of Cotatis, where he attracted the veneration of the faithful, by his fervent devotion, and an austerity of manners, which was shocking to human nature. The women came in crowds to pay him homage, and took a singular pleasure in kissing his backside, which was every day gored with stripes of discipline. I certainly owe my

C

being

being to one of the most devout of them. I was brought up in a subterraneous cave near my father's cell. I was twelve years old, without having once issued from this tomb, as I may call it, when the earth trembled, with a terrible noise: the vault, where I lay, sunk down, and I was with difficulty taken from under the rubbish. I was half dead when, for the first time in my life, my eyes were struck with the light of day. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestined child: the whole affair appeared strange to the people. My father cried out a miracle, and the people joined in the cry.

I was named Zirza, which in the Persian language signifies, *child of providence*. It was not long before the beauty of your poor slave excited the curiosity of the public. The women began to visit the hermitage less frequently, and the men much oftner. One of them said he loved me. Wicked wretch, cried my father, art thou qualified to love her? She is a treasure which God hath committed to my care: he appeared to me last night in the figure of a venerable hermit, and commanded me not to part with her for less than two thousand crowns. Be gone, vile beggar, lest thy impure breath should contaminate her charms.



charms. I confess, answered the youth, that I have only a heart to offer her; but, monster, art thou not ashamed to prostitute the name of the Deity to thy avarice? With what face, wretch as thou art, dost thou dare to assert that God spake to thee? 'Tis degrading the Almighty to represent him conversing with men like thee. O blasphemy! cried my father in a violent passion: God himself commanded that blasphemers should be stoned. Saying these words, he murdered my unhappy lover, and his blood spurted in my face. Now, though I was yet unacquainted with love, I found myself so far interested in the fate of my lover, that the sight of my father became insupportable to me. I resolved to leave him: he perceived my design. Ungrateful girl, said he, 'tis to me thou art indebted for thy being; thou art my daughter, and yet thou hatest me! but thou shalt no longer hate me without cause. He kept his word but too religiously. During five sad years which I passed in tears and groans, neither my youth nor faded beauty had power to relax his severity. Sometimes he would thrust a thousand pins into every part of my body: then with his discipline he would cover my back-side with blood. That gave you less pain than

the pins, said Candid. True, my Lord, replied Zirza. At last, however, I found means to escape, and not daring to confide in any man, I hid myself in the woods. Three days I spent without food, and should certainly have died of hunger, but for a tyger to whom I had the good fortune to be agreeable, and who was kind enough to divide his prey with me. But I was often dreadfully frightened by this terrible animal: the brute had once like to have ravished from me the flower, the plucking of which has given your Lordship so much pain, and pleasure. My food gave me the scurvy: but I was no sooner cured than I followed a slave-merchant who was travelling to Tessis, where the plague then raged, and I soon became infected. These misfortunes however had so little affected my charms, that the purveyor of the court thought fit to purchase me for your use. 'Tis now three months that I have languished among the rest of your wives: we all began to imagine ourselves despised. O, Sir, if you did but know how disagreeable and improper these eunuchs are to console neglected girls! In short, I have not yet lived eighteen years, twelve of which I passed in a dungeon; I have felt an earthquake; I was sprinkled with the blood of the  
first

first amiable man I had seen; during five whole years I endured the most cruel torture; I have had the scurvy and the plague. Pining in the midst of a company of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I had saved from the fury of a tyger, and cursing my destiny, I spent three long months in this seraglio, and should most certainly have died of the green sickness, if your excellence had not honoured me with your embraces.

O heavens! said Candid, is it possible at your age to have experienced such sad misfortunes? What would Pangloss say if he could hear your story? But your misfortunes are at an end as well as mine. Things are not now so bad; do you think they are? Saying these words he renewed his caresses, and became more and more confirmed in the opinions of Pangloss.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Candid's disgust. A meeting which he did not expect.*

OUR philosopher, in the midst of his seraglio, distributed his favours with tolerable impartiality: he enjoyed the pleasure of variety, and returned with fresh ardor to the *child of providence*. But this did not continue long. He now began to feel violent pains in his loins, and was also frequently afflicted with the cholic. In being happy he became emaciated. Zirza's neck appeared neither so white nor so admirably turned; her shape lost half its delicacy; her eyes, in the eyes of Candid, seemed less sparkling; her complexion appeared less beautiful, and the ravishing vermilion of her lips seemed quite faded. He perceived that she did not walk well, and was not entirely satisfied with her breath. He also discovered a mole where he had conceived no blemish. The impetuosity of her passion became troublesome. In his other wives he coolly observed many defects, which, during his first transports, had escaped his notice: their lewdness grew offensive. He was



was ashamed at having trod in the steps of the wisest of men, *et invenit amariorem mortem mulierem.*

Candid, still firm in his Christian sentiments, fauntered for want of employment in the streets of Sus; where, to his great surprize, a gentleman richly drest, caught him in his arms calling him by his name. Is it possible, said Candid, bless my spirit! It cannot be --- yet there is so striking a resemblance— Abbé Perigourdin — 'Tis even so, replied Perigourdin. Candid stepped back three paces, and ingenuously said, but are you happy, my dear Sir? A fine question truly answered Perigourdin: the little trick which I put upon you at Paris served only to establish my credit. The *police* employed me a while; but disagreeing with them at last, I threw off the ecclesiastical habit, which was of no longer use to me, and went over to England, where those of my profession are better paid. I revealed all that I knew, and all that I did not know, of the strength and weakness of the country I had quitted. I swore that the French were a rascally people, and that London was the only magazine of good sense; in short, I made a considerable fortune, and am come hither to negotiate a treaty at the court of Persia, in which the Sophi is bound to exterminate

every European who shall enter his dominions in search of cotton or silk, to the prejudice of the English. The object of your embassy, said our philosopher, is doubtless very commendable ; but, Sir, you are a great rascal : I dont like villany, and I have some interest at court : tremble, therefore, for your prosperity is at an end ; you will soon feel the punishment due to your crimes. O most noble Lord Candid, said Perigourdin, falling on his knees, have mercy on me : I am driven to wickedness by an irresistible impulse, in the same manner as you are impelled to virtue. I perceived this fatal inclination the moment I was acquainted with Mr. Valsp, and became a writer in the *Feuilles* —

\* Feuilles, cries Candid, what are those ? They are, replied Perigourdin, certain pamphlets of seventy pages, in which the public are periodically entertained with scandal, satire, and billingsgate. 'Tis an honest man, who having learnt to read and write, and not being able to continue Jesuite so long as he could have wished, set about this pretty little performance, in order to buy lace for his wife, and bring up his children in the fear of God. There are also a set of *honest gentlemen* who for a few pence, and now

\* Published at Paris.

and

and then a gill of bad wine, assist the other *honest* man in carrying on his work. This Monsieur Valsp is a member of an extraordinary club, whose chief amusement is to make a few drunken people deny their God; or to assist some poor fool in spending his fortune, break his furniture, and then send him a challenge: these are no more than little gentilities, which these gentlemen call *mistifications*, and which nevertheless merit the notice of the *police*. In short, this very honest Monsieur Valsp, who denies his ever having been sent to the galleys, is blessed with a lethargy which renders him insensible to the severest truth; and 'tis impossible to rouse him but by certain violent means, which he endures with a magnanimity and resignation beyond all belief. I laboured some time under this celebrated author; I became famous in my turn, and had just left Monsieur Valsp, with an intention to begin for myself, when I had the honour to pay my respects to you at Paris——You are a vile rogue, said Candid; but your sincerity moves me. Go directly to court, and present yourself to the right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk: I will write to him in your favour, on condition that you promise to become an honest man, and

that you do not insist on having thousands of people murdered, for the sake of a little silk and cotton. Perigourdin promised all that Candid desired him to promise, and they parted friends.



## C H A P. IX.

*Candid's disgrace, travels and adventures.*

PERIGOURDIN was no sooner arrived at court, than he used all his art to gain the minister and ruin his benefactor. He reported that Candid was a traitor, and that he had spoken disrespectfully of the sacred whiskers of the king of kings. It was the general opinion of the courtiers that he ought to be roasted at a slow fire; but the sopher, with more humanity, was graciously pleased to condemn him only to perpetual banishment, after having kissed the soles of his accuser's feet, according to the custom of Persia. Perigourdin set out in order to put this sentence in execution: he found our philosopher in tolerable health, and almost disposed to renew his happiness. My dear friend, said the English ambassador, with the utmost regret I come to acquaint you, that you must quit this  
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kingdom with all possible expedition, and also that you must kiss the soles of my feet with sincere contrition, for the enormous crimes of which you have been guilty. — Kiss the soles of your feet! cried Candid; upon my word, Mr. Abbè, you carry your jokes too far: I don't comprehend you. He had scarce spoken before the mutes, which attended Perigourdin, entered the room, and immediately took off his shoes. He was then told, that he must either submit to this humiliation, or be impaled. Candid, in virtue of his free agency, kissed the Abbè's feet. They cloathed him in a robe of coarse canvass, and the hangman drove him out of the city, crying aloud, — He is a traitor! he has spoken disrespectfully of the Sohi's whiskers, even of the whiskers of the great king!

But what was the officious Cenobite doing, whilst his favourite was thus disgraced? I really cannot tell. Possibly he was grown weary of patronizing Candid. Who can depend on priests or princes!

In the mean time, our hero trudged sorrowfully along. I never in my life, said he to himself, spoke of the king of Persia's whiskers. I

am fallen at once from the pinnacle of fortune into the abyfs of misery, because I am accused, by a wretch, who has violated all laws, of a crime which I never committed; and this fellow, this persecutor of virtue—is happy.

Candid, after several days march, found himself on the borders of Turkey. He directed his steps towards Propontis, being determined to fix there once more, and to spend the remainder of his life in cultivating his garden. In passing through a small town, he observed a multitude of people gathered together. He enquired the cause of this effect. 'Tis a very odd affair, answered an old man; you must know that, some time ago, the rich Mehemet obtained in marriage the daughter of the Janissary Zamond: he found her not a virgin, and very naturally, according to law, cut off her nose, and sent her back to her father. Zamond, enraged at the affront, as was quite natural, in the first transport of his fury, cut off the head of his disfigured daughter, at one stroke of his scimiter. His eldest son, who had a great affection for his sister, which you know is natural enough, in the violence of his passion, very naturally plunged a dagger

dagger into his father's breast; then like a lion, whose rage increases at the sight of his own blood, the young Zamond flew to the house of Mehemet, and having killed half a dozen slaves who opposed his entrance, he murdered Mehemet, his wives, and two children in the cradle; after which he put an end to his own life with the dagger yet reeking with the blood of his father, and of his enemies, which, you know, was also quite natural. ——— O horrible! cried Candid. O Master Pangloss! If these barbarities are natural, would you not confess that nature is corrupted, and that all things are not? — No, replied the old man; the pre-established harmony. ——— O heavens! cried Candid, am I deceived? Are you not Pangloss himself? 'Tis even so, said the old man; I knew you at first, but I had a mind to penetrate into your sentiments before I discovered myself. Come, let us reason a little upon contingent effects: let me see what progress you have made in the school of wisdom. Truly, Master Pangloss, said Candid, you time it very ill: inform me rather what is become of Cunegund, and where is Friar Gerofflèe, Paquette, and the daughter

daughter of Pope Urban. I know nothing of the matter, replied Pangloss; 'tis now two years since I left our habitation in search of you. I have travelled over all Turkey, and was now going to the court of Persia, where, as I was informed, you had made your fortune. I remained in this town among these good people, only to recover a little strength in order to pursue my journey. What do I see! said Candid in astonishment. You have lost an arm, my dear Pangloss. That's nothing at all, replied Pangloss; there is nothing more common than to see people with but one eye and one arm in this best of worlds. The accident happened in my journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs, and as our escort made resistance, the Arabs being strongest, according to the laws of war, massacred us all.

There perished in this affair about five hundred people, among whom were about a dozen women with child. For my part I escaped with only a cloven scull, and with the loss of an arm. You see I am still living, and have always found that every thing was for the best. But you  
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yourself, my dear Candid, how happens it that you have a wooden leg? Candid then related his adventures. Our philosophers returned to Propontis, amusing themselves as they went along with reasoning on physical and moral evil, of free-will and predestination, of *monades* and pre-established harmony.



## C H A P. X.

*The arrival of Candid and Pangloss in Propontis, what they saw there, and what became of them.*

O My dear Candid, said Pangloss, why did you grow weary of cultivating your garden? Why could not we be content with our preserved citron, and Pistachio nuts? Why were you tired of being happy? Why, because all things are necessary in the best of worlds, it was therefore requisite that you should undergo the bastinado in the presence of the king of Persia; that you should have your leg cut off to make the Susians happy, to try the ingratitude of mankind, and to draw down punishment upon the

heads of some villains, who deserved to suffer. Thus conversing, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects which struck their eyes, were Martin and Paquette, in the habit of slaves. Whence comes this strange metamorphose? said Candid, tenderly embracing them. Alas! they replied, sighing, you have no longer a place of abode; another is instructed with the cultivation of your garden; he eats your preserved citron and Pistachio nuts, and uses us like negroes. Who is this other? said Candid. 'Tis, said they, the general of the marine, the least humane of all human beings. The sultan, willing to reward his services, without being at any expence, confiscated all your possessions, under pretence that you were gone over to his enemy, and condemned us to slavery. Believe me, Candid, added Martin, and proceed on your journey. I have always told you, that every thing is for the worst; the sum of evil greatly exceeds the sum of good; depart, and I do not despair of your becoming a *manichean*, if you are not one already. Pangloss was going to argue in form, but Candid interrupted him by inquiring after Cunegund, the old woman, Friar Giroflée, and of Cacambo. Cacambo is here, replied Martin;

Martin; he is now busy in cleaning the common sewer. The old woman is dead of a kick in the breast which was given her by an eunuch. Friar Girofflèè is entered among the Janissaries. Madam Cunegund is grown fat again, and has recovered her former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio. What a string of unhappy wretches! said Candid. Was it necessary that Cunegund should recover her beauty to make me a cuckold? It is of little importance, said Pangloss, whether Madam Cunegund be handsome or ugly; whether she is in your arms, or in those of another; it makes no difference in the general system: for my part, I wish her a numerous posterity. Philosophers never concern themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them at all. Population——Alas, said Martin, philosophers had much better employ themselves in contributing to the happiness of a few individuals, than undertake to multiply the suffering species. — While they were speaking they heard a great noise. 'Twas the general who had ordered a dozen slaves to be flogged for his amusement. Pangloss and Candid terrified, left their friends, with tears in their eyes, and hastily took the road to Constantinople.

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Here they found every body in an uproar, the fire began in the suburbs of Pera: it had already consumed five or six hundred houses, and two or three thousand people had perished in the flames. What a shocking disaster, cried Candid! All for the Best, said Pangloss: these little accidents happen every year. It is very natural that fire should catch wooden houses, and that those houses should burn. Besides it delivers many honest people from a miserable existence — What do I hear, said one of the officers of the sublime port? How, wretch! darest thou say 'tis all for the Best, when half Constantinople is on fire. Go, dog, curst prophet, go, receive the punishment due to thy presumption. In saying these words, he took Pangloss by the middle, and threw him headlong into the flames. Candid, half dead with fear, crept, as well as he could, into a neighbouring quarter, where things were more quiet; and what became of him we shall see in the next chapter.



## C H A P. XI.

*Candid continues his Journey; and in what capacity.*

I HAVE now no other course to take, said our philosopher, than to sell myself for a slave, or turn Turk. Happiness has abandoned me for ever. A Turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I feel myself incapable of enjoying peace of mind in a religion full of imposture, and which I should never embrace, but from the base motive of interest. No, I shall never be content if I cease to be an honest man: I will therefore become a slave. No sooner had Candid taken this resolution, than he determined to put it in practice. He fixed upon an Armenian merchant for his master: his character was very good, and he was reputed to have as much virtue as an Armenian could possibly have. This Armenian was ready to sail for Norway: he took Candid with him, hoping that a philosopher might be serviceable to him in his trade. They embarked, and the wind was so favourable to them, that they made their passage in half the time which is

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generally required. They had no occasion to purchase a wind of the Lapland magicians, and therefore, thought it sufficient to give them some trifle, that they might not interrupt their good fortune by their witchcraft; which sometimes happens, if one may believe Moreri's Dictionary.

As soon as they were landed, the Armenian made his market of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to traverse the country in search of dry fish. He acquitted himself of his commission as well as he could, and was returning with a number of rein-deer loaded with this commodity, reflecting deeply on the amazing difference which he discovered between the Laplanders and other men, when he was accosted by an extreme little Laponesse. Her head was rather larger than the rest of her body, her eyes red and fiery, her nose flat, and her mouth reached from ear to ear: she bid him good morrow, with the most engaging air imaginable. My dear little Lord, said this animal, who herself was but one foot ten inches high, you are exceedingly charming; be so kind as to love me a little. So saying, she threw her arms about his neck. Candid pushed her from him with  
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inexpressible horror. She cried out; her husband advanced, accompanied by a number of his countrymen. What is the meaning of this noise, said they? 'Tis, said the little animal, only this stranger — alas! I cannot speak for grief; he despises me. I understand you, said the husband: impolite, uncivil, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal; thou hast brought shame upon my house; thou hast done me the greatest injury; thou hast refused to lye with my wife. Is the man mad, said our hero? What would you have said, had I lain with her? I should have wished you all manner of prosperity, said the enraged Laplander; but thou deservest my utmost indignation; so saying, he exercised his stick upon the shoulders of Candid without mercy. The rein-deer were seized by the relations of the affronted husband, and Candid, fearing worse treatment, was obliged to betake himself to his heels, and evermore to renounce his good master; for he durst not appear before him without money, without fish, and without rein-deer.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. XII.

*Candid continues his journey. New adventures.*

CANDID strolled a long time, without even knowing whither he would go: he determined, at last, to make the best of his way to Denmark, where, he had heard, things went well. He found himself possessed of some little money, which the Armenian had given him, and with this weak support, he hoped to accomplish his journey. This hope kept up his spirits, and he still enjoyed some happy moments. He chanced, one day, to meet in an inn, with three travellers who were talking with earnestness of a *plenum*, and *Materia subtilis*. Right, said Candid to himself, these are philosophers. Gentlemen, said he, as to the *plenum*, 'tis incontestable: there is no *vacuum* in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is well imagined. Then you are a Cartesian, said the travellers: yes, said Candid, and what is still more, I am a Leibnitzian. So much the worse for yourself, replied the philosophers: Descartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. As for us, we are Newtonians, and we glory in the distinction:  
if



if we dispute, 'tis only to strengthen our own sentiments, for we are all of the same mind. We seek the truth upon Newtonian principles, because we are convinced that Newton is a great man——And so is Descartes, so is Leibnitz, so is Pangloss, said Candid: these are great men worth all the others. You are very impertinent, friend, replied the philosophers: are you acquainted with the laws of refrangibility, of attraction, and of motion? Have you read doctor Clarke's refutation of your Leibnitz? Do you know what is meant by the centrifugal, and centripetal force? Do you know, that colours are formed by density? Have you any notion of the theory of light, and of gravitation? Are you ignorant of the period of 25,920 years, which unfortunately, does not agree with chronology? No, I warrant, your ideas of all these things are false and imperfect: learn to keep silence therefore, for a pitiful *Monade* as you are, and be careful how you affront gentlemen by comparing them with pigmies. Gentlemen, said Candid, if Pangloss was here, he would teach you surprizing things, for he is a great philosopher: he has an absolute contempt for your Newton, and, as I am his disciple, Newton is no great favourite of mine. The philo-  
sophers

phers quite enraged, fell upon Candid, and our poor hero was drubbed most philosophically.

At length their fury abating, they asked pardon for their impetuosity; after which one of them began a learned discourse on mildness and moderation.

During this conversation there happened to pass by a very pompous funeral, whence our philosophers took occasion to comment on the ridiculous vanity of mankind. Would it not, says one of them, be much more rational for the relations and friends of the deceased to carry, without pomp, the corps upon their own shoulders? Would not the mournful employment more effectually excite the idea of death, and produce the most salutary and philosophical effect? Would not this reflexion naturally arise? *This body which I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more, and like him I must cease to exist?* Might not such a custom in some measure diminish the crimes committed in this unhappy world, and reclaim beings which believe in the soul's immortality? Mankind are but too willing to keep the thought of death at a distance, that we should be afraid of reminding them

them of their mortality too often. Why are not the weeping mother or husband present at this solemnity? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do more honour to the ashes of the dead, than all these sable mutes, and that string of clergy, jovially singing psalms which they do not understand——'Tis well said, replied Candid; if you did but always talk in this manner without beating people, you would be a great philosopher.

Our travellers separated with marks of mutual confidence and friendship. Candid, steering his course towards Denmark, soon found himself in the middle of a wood: in ruminating on the misfortunes which had befallen him in this best of worlds, he had lost his way. The day had considerably declined when he perceived his mistake. His courage failed, and sorrowfully lifting his eyes to heaven, our hero, leaning against a tree, expressed himself in the following words: I have traversed half this globe; I have seen fraud and calumny triumphant: my sole intention has been to be servicable to mankind, yet I have been constantly persecuted. A great king honours me with his favour and the

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bastinado. I am sent to a delightful province, but with a wooden leg: there I tasted pleasure after my misfortunes. An abbé arrives, and I protect him: by my means he insinuates himself at court, and I am obliged to kiss the soles of his feet. I meet my poor Pangloss again, only to see him burnt. I stumble upon a company of philosophers, a species of animals the mildest and most sociable of any that are spread upon the face of the earth, and they beat me most unmercifully. Yet all must be right, because Pangloss said so; nevertheless I am the most miserable of all possible beings.

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by piercing cries which seemed not far off. His curiosity led him on. He beheld a young woman tearing her hair in the most violent agitation of despair. Whosoever you are, said she, if you have a heart, follow me. He followed her, and the first object he beheld was a man and a woman extended on the grass: their aspect bespoke the elevation of their minds and their distinguished origin; their features, tho' disfigured by grief, expressed something so interesting that Candid sympathised in their sorrows, and could not help eagerly enquiring the cause of their misfortunes. These, said the young woman,



woman, are my parents; yes, they are the authors of my unhappy being, continued she, throwing herself into their arms. They were forced to fly to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence: I attended them in their flight, and was contented to share their misfortunes, in hopes that I might be of some service in procuring nourishment for them in the desert we were going to enter. We stopt here to repose awhile, and unhappily discovering that tree, I was deceived in its fruit. O Sir! I am a most horrid criminal! Arm yourself in defence of virtue, and punish me as I deserve. Strike! . . . That fruit . . . I gave it to my parents; they eat of it with pleasure: I rejoiced that I had relieved them from the torment of thirst. Unhappily, I presented them with death: the fruit is poison.

Candid shook with horror; his hair stood up-right; a cold sweat covered his whole body. He immediately did all in his power to assist this wretched family; but the poison had already made so much progress, that the best antidote would now have been ineffectual. Dear, dear child, our only hope and comfort! said the

expiring parents, forgive thyself; we sincerely forgive thee; it was thy excessive tenderness which deprives us of life — O generous stranger! be careful of our daughter: her heart is noble and formed for virtue: 'tis a treasure which we commit to thy care, infinitely more precious than our past fortune — Dearest Zenoide, receive our last embraces; mix thy tears with ours: O heaven, what delightful moments are these! Thou hast opened to us the door of the comfortless dungeon in which we have lived forty tedious years. We bless thee with our last breath, praying that thou mayst never forget the lessons which our prudence dictated; and that they may preserve thee from the danger to which thou wilt necessarily be exposed!

Pronouncing these words, they expired. Candid had great difficulty to bring Zenoide to herself. The solitude of the place and the pale light of the moon rendered the melancholy scene still more affecting. The day began to dawn before Zenoide recovered the use of her senses. She no sooner opened her eyes than she desired Candid to dig a hole to inter the bodies: even she herself assisted with astonishing resolution.

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This duty being discharged, she gave vent to her tears. Our philosopher persuaded her to quit this fatal spot, and they walked along for some time without knowing whither they went. At length they perceived a little cottage, which was inhabited by an old man and his wife, who in the midst of this desert were always ready to render all the service in their power to their distressed brethren. This couple were in fact what Philemon and Baucis are said to have been. They had enjoyed the sweets of Hymen forty years without one bitter draught. Constant health, the produce of temperance and tranquillity; a pleasing simplicity of manners; an exhaustless fund of candor in their disposition; all the virtues for which man is indebted to himself alone, composed the happy lot which heaven had been pleased to grant them. They were held in great veneration in the neighbouring hamlets, whose inhabitants, happy in their rusticity, might have passed for very honest people, if they had been Catholics. They considered it as their duty to support Agaton and Suname (such were the names of this old couple) and they now extended their charity to the two strangers. Alas! said Candid, what pity it was that you, my poor Pangloss, were burnt: I know you were quite right; but it was not in

those parts of Europe and Asia, which we traversed together, that all is for the best: it is in Eldorado, which it is impossible to reach, and in a little cottage situated in the coldest, the most barren, and the most dismal country in the whole world. What pleasure should I have had to hear you in this cabin talk of pre-established harmony and *monades*? I should like to spend the rest of my days among these honest Lutherans; but it would oblige me to renounce going to mass, and expose me to the lash of the *Journal Chretien*.

Candid grew very desirous to know the adventures of Zenoide, but was too discreet to mention it: she perceived his impatience, and satisfied him in the words of the following chapter.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XIII.

*The Story of Zenoide. As how Candid became enamoured with her, and what was the consequence.*

I AM descended from one of the most ancient houses of Denmark: one of my ancestors perished in that place where the wicked Christiern caused such a number of senators to be put to death. The accumulated riches and honours of my family served only to render their misfortunes more illustrious. My father had the boldness to disoblige a man in power, by speaking the truth; he suborned false accusers, who charged him with several imaginary crimes. The judges were deceived: alas! What judge can always avoid the snares which calumny spreads for innocence. My father was condemned to lose his head on a scaffold. Flight only could preserve him, and he took refuge with a friend, one whom he thought worthy of this amiable appellation. We continued sometime concealed in a castle on the sea shore, which belonged to him, and here we might have been still secure, if the cruel wretch, taking advantage of our deplorable situation, had

not exacted a price for his friendship, which made us consider him with detestation. The infamous creature had conceived a violent passion for my mother and me: he made an attempt on our virtue by methods unworthy of a gentleman, and, to avoid the effects of his brutality, we were obliged to expose ourselves to the most frightful dangers: we betook ourselves to flight a second time, and you know the rest. Here Zenoide finished her relation, and she began to weep afresh. Candid dried up her tears, and said, in order to comfort her: 'tis all for the best, my dear Miss; for if your father had not been poisoned, he would, most infallibly, have been discovered, and they would have cut off his head: your mother would have died of grief perhaps, and we should not now be in this poor cottage, where all things are much better, than in the most charming castle imaginable. Alas! Sir, replied Zenoide, my father never told me that all was for the best. We all belong to one God, who loves us; but he will not exempt us from the devouring cares, the cruel distempers, the innumerable evils to which human nature is liable. In America, poison and the bark grow close to each other. The happiest of mortals has shed tears. A mixture

ture of pleasures and pain, constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space of time (always too long in the opinion of wisdom) which ought to be employed in being useful to the society of which we are members, to rejoice in the works of the Almighty, without foolishly enquiring into their causes; to regulate our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and above all, to respect our religion; happy if we could always observe its precepts!

In this manner have I heard my honoured father frequently speak. What presumptuous wretches, would he say, are those rash scribblers, who seek to penetrate into the secrets of the Almighty. On the principle, that God expects to be honoured by the numberless atoms to whom he has given existence, mankind have united ridiculous chimeras, with the most respectable truths. The Dervise among the Turks, the Bremen in Persia, the Bonz in China, the Talapoin in India, all worship the Deity in a different manner; nevertheless they enjoy peace of mind, though bewildered in obscurity; those who would endeavour to dispel the mist would do them no service; he cannot be said to love mankind, who would remove their prejudices.

You speak like a philosopher, said Candid: may I presume to ask you, my dearest young lady, of what religion you are. I was brought up a Lutheran, replied Zenoide, 'tis the religion of my country. Every thing you say, continued Candid, is a ray of light which penetrates my soul: you fill me with esteem and admiration — How is it possible that so much sense should inhabit so fair a body? Indeed my dear Miss, I love and admire you to such a degree — Candid stammered out something more; but Zenoide, perceiving his confusion, retired: from that moment, she avoided all occasions of being alone with him, and Candid sought every opportunity of being either alone with her or intirely by himself. He was seized with a melancholy, which, however, was not unpleasing; he was violently in love with Zenoide, yet endeavoured to dissemble his passion; but his looks betrayed the secret of his heart. Alas! said he, if Pangloss was here he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher.



## C H A P. XIV.

*Continuation of Candid's Amour.*

CANDID was forced to be content with the poor consolation of conversing with the beautiful Zenoide in the presence of the old man and his wife. And was it possible, said he one day to the mistress of his heart, that the king, whom you were allowed to approach, could permit such a flagrant act of injustice to your family? You have great reason to hate him. Alas, replied Zenoide, who can hate their king?

Who can avoid loving him who is intrusted with the glittering blade of the law? Kings are the visible images of the Deity; we ought never to condemn their conduct: obedience and respect are the duties of good subjects. I admire you more and more, answered Candid: pray, Miss, are you acquainted with the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloss, who was burnt, after having escaped hanging? Do you know the *monades*, the *materia subtilis* and the *vortices*? No, Sir, said Zenoide; my father never

mentioned any of these things; he gave me only a slight notion of experimental philosophy, and taught me to despise every kind of philosophy which did not directly tend to promote the happiness of mankind; which inspires him with false notions of his duty to himself and to his neighbour; which does not teach him how to regulate his manners; which serves only to fill his mind with unintelligible words, and rash conjectures; which cannot give a clearer idea of the author of our being, than that which we form from his works, and the miracles which are daily performed before our eyes. Upon my word Miss, said Candid, I admire you beyond expression; I am enchanted; I am ravished; you are certainly an angel sent from heaven to confute the sophisms of Master Pangloss. Ignorant animal that I was! After having endured a prodigious number of kicks on the backside, of stripes across my shoulders, of strokes with a bull's pizzle on the soles of my feet; after having felt an earthquake; after having been present at the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, and lately seen him burnt alive; after having been ignominiously used by a vile Persian; after having been plundered by order of the Divan, and drubbed by a company of philosophers; notwithstanding all this, I believed that all was for the best,  
but

but I am now entirely undeceived. Nevertheless, nature never appeared to me so beautiful as since I have beheld you. The rural concerts of birds strike my ears with a harmony, to which, till now, I was quite insensible. All nature blooms, and the beauty of your sentiments seem to animate every object. I feel none of that voluptuous languor which I experienced in my garden at Sus; the passion you inspire is quite different. Forbear, said Zenoide, lest you offend that delicacy which you ought to respect. I will be silent then, said Candid, but that will only augment my passion. He looked earnestly at Zenoide, as he pronounced these words; he perceived that she blushed, and thence, like a man of experience, he conceived the most flattering hopes.

The young Dane continued for some time to shun her lover. One day as he was walking hastily in the garden, he cried out in a transport of love, O that I had but my Eldoradonian sheep! Why am I not able to buy a little kingdom? . . . What would you make me? said a voice that shot through the heart of our philosopher. Is it you, charming Zenoide? said he,

he, falling upon his knees at her feet, I thought myself alone. The few words you spoke seemed to flatter my hopes. I shall never be a king, and possibly never shall be rich; but if I were Beloved by you. . . . O do not turn away those charming eyes, but let me read in them a confession which alone can make me happy. Beautiful Zenoide, I adore you: for heaven's sake be merciful. . . . Ah! what do I see? You weep. Gods, I am too happy. Yes, said Zenoide, you are happy; nothing obliges me to conceal my sensibility from a person who deserves it. Hitherto you have been attached to my destiny by the ties of humanity only: it is now time to strengthen our union with more holy bonds. I have deliberately consulted my own heart; do you also maturely reflect, and above all things remember, that by marrying me you engage to become my protector; to soften and participate the miseries which fate may still have reserved for me. Marry you? said Candid, these words have at once opened my eyes; and shewn me the imprudence of my conduct. Alas! sweet lady, I am unworthy of your goodness: Cunegund is yet living. . . . Cunegund, who is she? My wife, replied Candid, with his usual ingenuity.

Our



Our lovers stood silent for some moments; they would have spoken, but the words expired upon their lips: their eyes swam in tears. Candid held both her hands in his; he prest them to his heart; he devoured them with kisses. He had the courage to touch her heaving breast, and found that she breathed with difficulty. His soul rose up to his lips, which by pressing those of Zenoide, brought her to herself. Candid thought he saw his pardon written in her eyes. Dear Candid, said she, my displeasure would but ill repay those transports which my heart in spite of me approves. Yet hold; you will ruin me in the opinion of mankind, and you will cease to love me when I am become the object of their contempt. Stop then, and respect my weakness. What! said Candid, because the stupid vulgar say that a girl is dishonoured in making her lover happy, in following the generous dictates of nature, which in the early ages of the world . . .

We shall not repeat the whole of this interesting conversation, but shall content ourselves with saying, that Candid's eloquence, embellished with the language of love, had all the effect.

effect that might be expected on a young, sensible, female philosopher.

Our lovers, who had hitherto passed their time in disquietude and affliction, were now continually intoxicated with pleasure. The silence of the forest, the mountains covered with brambles and surrounded with precipices; the frozen waters, and barren fields with which they were environed, served but to persuade them of the necessity of love: they resolved never to quit this frightful solitude; but destiny was not yet weary of her persecutions, as we shall see in the next chapter.



## CHAP. XV.

*The arrival of Volball. Journey to Copenhagen.*

CANDID and his mistress amused themselves with reasoning on the works of the Creator, on the worship due to him from mankind, on the duties of society, more especially on charity, which, of all other virtues, is the most  
useful

useful to our fellow creatures. They were not content with vain declamations: Candid taught youth to respect the sacred restrictions of the law, and Zenoide instructed young maidens in their duty to their parents; they united their endeavours to sow the prolific seeds of religion in Juvenile minds. One day as they were busied in this pious employment, Suname acquainted Zenoide, that an old gentleman, with several attendants, was just come, and enquired for a person, who, she was convinced by his description, could be no other than the beautiful Zenoide. The gentleman who followed her close, entered almost at the same instant.

Zenoide fainted away as soon as she saw him; but Volhall, unmoved at this affecting sight, took her by the hand, and dragged her with so much violence that she came to herself; but it was only to shed a torrent of tears. 'Tis very well niece, said he, with a severe smile, I have caught you in fine company; no wonder you should prefer it to the capital, to my house, and to your own family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenoide, I prefer the habitation of truth and candor to that of treachery and imposture. I shall never behold, without horror, the place where my  
mis-

misfortunes began, where I have had such convincing proofs of your baseness, and where you are the only relation I have. No matter, Miss, replied Volhall, you shall follow me, if you please, though you were to have another fit. So saying, he dragged her along, and put her into a chaise. She had but just time to bid Candid follow her, to bless her kind host and hostess, promising to reward them for their generous hospitality.

One of Volhall's servants, being moved with Candid's affliction, and believing he had no other interest in the young lady than what virtue in distress might inspire, advised him to take a journey to Copenhagen. He told him, he could probably get him admitted into Volhall's family, if he had no other resource. Candid accepted his offer, and being arrived, his future comrade presented him as a relation for whose fidelity he would answer. Maraut, said Volhall, I consent: you shall have the honour of waiting on a man of my rank and distinction; but be careful always to pay an implicit obedience to my will: anticipate my commands if you are endowed with sufficient penetration: remember that a man of my distinction degrades him-



himself by conversing with such a wretch as you. Our philosopher replied with great submission to this impertinent harangue, and that very day he was dressed in his master's livery.

One may easily imagine Zenoide's astonishment and joy, when she recollected her lover, among her uncle's servants. She gave him all the opportunities she could, which Candid judiciously improved, to their mutual satisfaction. They vowed an eternal constancy; nevertheless Zenoide was far from being quite easy: she sometimes condemned her passion for Candid, and would now and then afflict him for amusement; but Candid adored her; he knew that perfection did not fall to the lot of man, much less of woman. Zenoide recovered her good humour in his arms; the constraint they were obliged to observe increased their enjoyment, and they were yet happy.

## CHAP. XVI.

*As how Candid found his wife, and lost his mistress.*

OUR hero was contented to bear the haughty humours of his master, so long as he enjoyed the favours of his mistress. Happy lovers cannot conceal their passion so easily as is generally imagined; they soon betrayed their own secret; their connection was no longer a mystery to any one in the house, except to Volhall himself. Candid was honoured with felicitations that made him tremble; he expected the storm which was about to burst over his head, and was in no doubt that the person who had been so dear to him, was upon the point of accelerating his misfortunes.

For some days past Candid had observed a woman, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of Cunegund: he now saw her again in the court-yard, but her garb was mean; besides, there was not the least probability that the favourite mistress of a rich Mahometan should appear in the court-yard of an inn at Copenhagen.

Ne-

Nevertheless, this disagreeable object fixed her eyes on Candid with great attention. She now precipitately approached, and saluted him with the most violent box on the ear he ever received in his life. I was not deceived, cried our philosopher; O heavens, who could have thought it! What business have you here, after suffering yourself to be ravished by a Mahometan? Go, perfidious spouse, I know nothing of you. Thou shalt know me by my fury, said Cunegund. I know all thy wicked courses, thy intrigue with thy master's niece, thy contempt of me. Alas! 'tis three months since I was turned out of the seraglio, because I was no longer useful. A merchant bought me to mend his linnen, and having occasion to make a voyage to these parts, brought me along with him. Martin, Cacambo, and Paquette, whom he also purchased, are of the party. Doctor Pangloss also, by the greatest chance imaginable, was a passenger in the same ship: we were cast away a few miles from hence; I escaped with honest Cacambo, whose flesh, I assure thee, is as firm as thine; and I have found thee again to my sorrow, for thy infidelity is manifest. Tremble there

therefore, and dread the vengeance of an injured woman.

Candid was so stupified with this moving scene, that he suffered Cunegund to depart without considering how necessary it is to keep terms with those who are in our secrets, when all at once Cacambo presented himself to his view. They tenderly embraced. Candid inquired into the truth of what he had heard, and was extremely afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who after having been hanged and burnt, was most miserably drowned. He spoke of him with that effusion of heart, which true friendship inspires. A *billat* which Zenoide threw out of the window, put an end to their conversation. Candid opened it, and read as follows:

‘Fly, my dear lover, every thing is discovered.  
 ‘An innocent and natural inclination, which does  
 ‘no injury to society, is a crime in the estimation  
 ‘of credulous and cruel men. Volhall has this  
 ‘moment left my chamber, after treating me with  
 ‘the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to obtain  
 ‘an order to have you immured in a dungeon.

Fly,



‘ Fly therefore, my dear, dear lover, and save a  
 ‘ life which I am no longer suffered to enjoy.  
 ‘ Those happy days are past, when our mutual  
 ‘ tenderness.—Ah! wretched Zenoide, what hast  
 ‘ thou done to deserve the wrath of heaven? But  
 ‘ I wander: O do not forget thy dear Zenoide.  
 ‘ Dear Candid, thy image will never be effaced  
 ‘ from my heart.—No, thou never knew how  
 ‘ much I loved thee—Oh that thou could’st re-  
 ‘ ceive from my burning lips, my last farewell,  
 ‘ and my last sigh! I feel that I am ready to sol-  
 ‘ low my unhappy father: I hold the world in  
 ‘ abhorrence; ’tis all treachery and guilt.’

Cacambo, always wise and prudent, drew poor  
 Candid along, who had not one sense left: they  
 took the shortest way out of the city. Candid  
 never opened his lips, and they were a consider-  
 able distance from Copenhagen before he reco-  
 vered from his stupefaction. At last, looking sted-  
 fastly at Cacambo, he spake to the following ef-  
 fect:

## CHAP. XVII.

*As how Candid resolved to kill himself, but changed his mind. Adventure in an inn.*

**M**Y dear Cacambo, once my servant, now my equal, and always my friend, thou hast shared in some of my misfortunes; thou hast given me good advice; thou hast been a witness to my affection for Cunegund—Alas! my old master, said Cacambo, she has played you a vile trick; she was informed of your passion for Zennoide by your fellow-servants, and then, notwithstanding her great affection for you, she revealed it to the brutal Volhall. Since this is the case, said Candid, death is my only refuge. Our philosopher then taking a pen-knife out of his pocket, began to whet it with a composure worthy of an ancient Roman, or of an Englishman. What do you mean, said Cacambo? To cut my throat, said Candid. An excellent thought, replied Cacambo; but wisdom should never determine, till after mature deliberation: the means of death will be always in your own power, if you continue in the same mind. Be advised, my dear master, and put it off till to-morrow; the longer you

you defer it, the more couragious will be the action. I like thy reasoning, said Candid; besides, if I should cut my throat now, the Gaze-teer of Trevoux, would insult my memory: it is then determined, I will not cut my throat for this two or three days at least. Thus conversing, they arrived at Elsinour, a pretty considerable town, at a little distance from Copenhagen: here they rested that night, and Cacambo applauded himself for the good effect which sleep had produced in the mind of Candid. They took their leave of this town at break of day, and Candid, always a philosopher, for the prejudices of youth are not easily effaced, entertained his friend Cacambo with a dissertation on moral and physical good, with the discourses of the wise Zenoide, and the true lights he had received from her learned conversation. If Pangloss was not dead, said he, I would confute his system beyond contradiction. God preserve me from becoming a Manachean. My dear mistress has taught me to respect the impenetrable veil by which the Deity chuses to conceal his designs from mankind. Perhaps man himself is the cause of the misfortunes under which he groans: fruit eaters are become carniferous animals. The savages we have seen devour only the Jesuits, yet they live in

perfect harmony among themselves, and those which, by chance, are scattered through the desert, and feed only upon roots and herbs, are certainly happy. Society has given birth to the most heinous crimes. There are people, who, from their situation, seem as it were obliged to desire the death of their fellow creatures. The ship-wreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, is the occasion of grief to some, and of joy to others. Things go very ill, my dear Cacambo, and a wise man has nothing to do but to cut his throat as gently as possible. You are in the right, said Cacambo, but I perceive an inn, you must be thirsty; come, my old master, let us take a glass, and then we will proceed in our philosophical disquisitions.

They entered the inn, where a crowd of peasants were dancing in the middle of the court, to the sound of very bad instruments. A chearful smile sat on every face: 'twas a picture worthy the pencil of Vataou. As soon as they perceived Candid, a young girl took him by the hand, intreating him to dance. My sweet lass, replied Candid, when a man has lost his mistress, found his wife, and but just heard of the death of the great Pangloss, he can have no inclination



to cut capers: besides, I intend to kill myself to-morrow, and you know, when a person has but a few hours to live, he should not waste his time in dancing. Cacambo then advanced, and expressed himself in the following manner: Great philosophers have always had a passion for glory. Cato of Utica killed himself after having slept soundly; Socrates swallowed hemlock after familiarly conversing with his friends; several Englishmen have blown out their brains after coming from an entertainment: but I have never heard of any great man, who cut his throat after dancing. No, my dear Master, this glory is reserved for you. Let us dance our bellies full to day, and we will kill ourselves to-morrow. Dost thou not observe, replied Candid, that pretty lively wench? There is something vastly striking in her countenance, said Cacambo. She squeezed my hand, replied our philosopher. Did you take notice, said Cacambo, of her little round breasts, when her handkerchief flew back as she was dancing? Yes, I observed them well, said Candid: if my heart was not full of the charms of Miss Zenoide — but the little black girl interrupted Cacambo, and again besought him to dance. Our hero was at last persuaded,

and danced with <sup>a wooden leg</sup> the genteelest air imaginable. He then embraced the pretty peasant, and retired to his seat without asking the queen of the ball to dance. Immediately there was a confused murmur; both the actors and spectators were shocked at such a manifest neglect. Candid was ignorant of his fault, and therefore could make no apology. At length a great clown came forward, and gave him a slap in the face, which was returned by Cacambo with a kick in the belly. The instruments were scattered about in an instant, the women lost their caps. Candid and Cacambo behaved like heroes; but they were forced to betake themselves to their heels, though quite crippled with the blows they had received.

I am very unlucky, said Candid, leaning on his friend Cacambo; I have experienced great misfortunes, but I never expected to have had my bones broke for dancing with a peasant, at her own request.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Candid and Cacambo retire to an hospital. Adventure there.*

CACAMBO and his quondam master were unable to proceed ; they began to give way to that malady of the soul which destroys all its faculties, dejection and despair : when looking up they espied an hospital built for travellers. Cacambo entered, and Candid followed him : they were treated in the manner in which people are generally treated for the love of God. Their wounds were speedily healed ; but they both got the itch, which was not to be cured in a few days. This idea drew tears from the eyes of our philosopher, and, scratching himself, he said, O my dear Cacambo, why didst thou hinder me from cutting my throat ? Thy pernicious counsel hath plunged me again into disgrace and misfortune : if I should now cut my throat, they would say, in the *Journal of Trevoux*, He was a coward ; he killed himself because he had the itch. See to what thou hast exposed me by thy injudicious friendship. Our misfortunes are not

without a remedy, said Cacambo; if you will follow my advice, we will become brothers of the hospital; I understand a little of surgery, and I will engage to render our woeful condition supportable. Ah! cried Candid, pox take all the asses in the world, and especially these chyrurgical asses, so fatal to human nature! No, I will not suffer thee to pass for what thou art not; 'twere a piece of treachery, the consequences of which might be terrible. Besides, if thou didst but know, after having been viceroy of a rich province, after having been able to purchase kingdoms, after having been the happy lover of Miss Zenoide, how hard it is to resolve to serve as mate in an hospital. All this I know full well; but I also know that it is very hard to die of hunger. Besides, the plan which I propose is perhaps the only one to elude the cruelty of Volhall.

Whilst he thus spake, one of the brothers of the hospital happening to pass, asked him a few questions to which he replied properly. This brother assured them that the fraternity lived well, and enjoyed decent liberty. Candid resolved: they were admitted without scruple, and these two miserable beings began to administer comfort to beings yet more miserable.

One



One day, as Candid was distributing some bad broth among the patients, an old man particularly caught his attention. He seemed in the agony of death. Poor man, said Candid, how I pity you! You must suffer terribly. Indeed I do, he replied, with a hollow sepulchral voice: they tell me that I have a complication of distempers, and that I am poxed to the very bone; if so, I must needs be extremely ill. Nevertheless, 'tis all for the best, and that's my consolation. No man in the world, said Candid, but Doctor Pangloss, could maintain optimism in such a deplorable situation, when every other mortal would preach p<sup>ess</sup>. . . . Do not pronounce that detestable word, said the poor old man; I am that very Pangloss. Wretch, let me die in peace: all things are good, every thing is best. The effort he made in pronouncing these words, cost him his last tooth, and in a few moments after he expired.

Candid bewailed his death, for he had a good heart: his obstinacy, however, afforded matter of reflection to our philosopher. He would frequently ruminate on his adventures. Cunegund had remained at Copenhagen, where, he was informed, she mended shirts and stockings with great reputation. He had now lost all his passion

for travelling. The faithful Cacambo assisted him with his advice and friendship. He never murmured at the dispensations of providence: I know, he would sometimes say, that happiness is not the lot of humanity; it is no where to be found, except in the good country of Eldorado; but to go thither is impossible.



## CHAP. XIX.

### *New adventures.*

CANDID was not quite unhappy, for he had a true friend. He had found, in an American mongrel valet, what, in Europe, we seek in vain. Perhaps nature, who has planted simples in America proper for the maladies of European bodies, may there also have sown remedies for the disorders of our hearts and minds. Perhaps there are a species of men in this new world, who are formed differently from us; who are not slaves to self-interest; who are capable of sincere friendship. 'Twere happy if instead of bales of indigo and cocheneal, stained with blood, they would bring us some of these men;

men: this kind of commerce would be very advantageous to mankind. Cacambo was of more value to Candid than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philosopher now began to be reconciled to life. He consoled himself that he was employed in the preservation of the human species, and in not being an useless member of society. Heaven rewarded the purity of his intentions, by restoring to him, as well as to his friend Cacambo, the blessing of health. They had no longer the itch, and they performed the duties of their function with great alacrity; but alas! fate soon broke in upon their peaceful security. Cune-gund, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, sallied forth from Copenhagen in pursuit of him: chance directed her to the hospital; she was accompanied by a man whom Candid soon discovered to be the Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh: his surprize may be easily supposed. The Baron, perceiving it, spake to him in these words. I did not long continue to row in the Turkish gallies: the Jesuits, hearing of my misfortune, redeemed me for the honour of the society. I made a tour to Germany, where I received some civilities from my father's heirs. I left nothing unattempted to get intelligence of my sister; and hearing at Constantinople,

tinople, that she had embarked on board a vessel which was cast away on the coast of Denmark, I disguised myself and departed, being provided with proper letters of recommendation to Danish merchants in connection with the society: in short, I have found my sister again, who loves you notwithstanding you are unworthy of that honour; and since you have had the insolence to lye with her, I consent to the ratification, or rather a new celebration of your nuptials; that is to say, provided she gives you only her left hand, which is but reasonable, as she has no less than seventy-one quarters, and you have none at all. Alas, says Candid, all the quarters in the world, without beauty . . . Miss Cunegund was very ugly when I imprudently married her; she became handsome, and another has enjoyed her charms; she is again grown ugly, and you would have me give my hand to her a second time: no, no, reverend father; send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me but too much injury in this country. Ungrateful man, said Cunegund, making horrible contortions, how can you be so hard-hearted? Do not oblige the Baron, now a priest, to wash the blot out of his escutcheon with our blood. Dost thou believe me capable of consenting to the act of infidelity? What wouldst



woulst thou have had me done when I was in the power of a Turk who thought me handsome? neither tears, nor my cries, had any effect on his savage brutality: so that, finding it in vain to resist, I contrived to be as commodiously ravished as possible, as any other woman would have done in my situation: this is all my crime. But my greatest offence is having robbed thee of thy mistress, which on the contrary, thou shouldst consider as a proof of my affection. Come, come my dear little soul; if ever I should grow handsome again; if my breasts, which now are somewhat pendant, should recover their rotund elasticity; if . . . they shall be all for thee alone my dear Candid: we are no longer in Turkey, and I swear that I will never suffer myself to be ravished again.

This discourse made no very deep impression upon Candid. He desired a little time for consideration. The Baron granted him two hours, which he spent in consulting with his friend Camambo. After having weighed every argument *pro* and *con*, they determined to accompany the Baron and his sister to Germany. Accordingly every thing being settled, they set out all together; not on foot, but mounted on good cavalry, which the Jesuite Baron had brought along

along with him. They were now arrived at the frontiers of the kingdom, when a tall ill favoured fellow fixed his eyes attentively on our hero. 'Tis the very man, said he, pray Sir if I may be so bold, is not your name Candid? Yes, Sir, replied Candid, so I have always been called. I am extremely glad of it, said the man. Yes indeed you have black eye-brows, ears of a moderate size, a round face and ruddy complexion, and you appear to be about five foot five. Yes Sir, said Candid, that is exactly my height; but what are my ears and my height to you. Sir, replied the man, we cannot be too circumspect in our employment: permit me to ask you another question; was you not in the service of Squire Volhall? In truth, Sir, said Candid, a little disconcerted, I do not understand. . . . But I understand perfectly well that you are the person whose description I have in my hand. Please to walk into the guard room. Soldiers, conduct the gentlemen in, prepare the black hole, and tell the Smith to make a slight chain of about thirty or forty pound weight. Mr. Candid, you have got a good like horse there; I want one of that colour, we shall agree about him by and by.

The

The Baron did not dare to claim his beast. Cunegund wept for a quarter of an hour. The Jesuite beheld the scene without emotion. I should have been obliged, said he to his sister, either to kill him or force him to re-marry you; and all things considered, 'tis the best that could happen for the honour of our family. Cunegund and her brother set out for Germany; but the faithful Cacambo resolved not to abandon his friend in distress.



## C H A P. XX.

*The continuation of Candid's misfortunes; how he found his mistress again, and what was the consequence.*

O Pangloss! said Candid, 'tis a thousand pities, that you have perished so miserably: you have been witness only to the smallest part of my misfortunes, and I was in hopes to make you reject that groundless opinion you so obstinately maintained, even unto death. There is not a man in the world who has experienced greater adversity than I have; and yet there is  
not

not a single soul who has not cursed his own existence, as the daughter of Pope Urban very pathetically told us. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? I cannot tell, replied Cacambo, all I know is, that I will never forsake you. But Cunegund has forsaken me, said Candid. Alas! a wife is not worth an American friend.

This was the conversation of Candid and Cacambo in a dungeon, from whence they were dragged in order to be conveyed to Copenhagen, where our philosopher was to learn his fate. He feared it would be a dreadful one, as the reader may also apprehend; but Candid was mistaken, and so is the reader. He was destined to be happy at Copenhagen, where he was no sooner arrived than he was apprized of the death of Volhall; this brute died unlamented, and every body concerned themselves about Candid. His chains were immediately knocked off, and liberty was the more agreeable to him, as it furnished him with the means of finding Zenoide. He hastened to her house, he was a long time before he could utter a syllable, but their silence was sufficiently expressive; they embraced, they endeavoured to speak, but they could only weep. Cacambo enjoyed this delightful scene like a  
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being of sensibility; he sympathized in his friend's joy, and was almost in the same situation. My dear Cacambo, my beloved Zenoide, cried Candid, I am now recompenced for all my sufferings. Love and friendship shall sweeten the remainder of my life. What numberless difficulties have paved the way to this unexpected happiness? But all is now forgotten, dearest Zenoide, I see you, you love me; all things go well with me now, every thing is for the best.

The death of Volhall left Zenoide her own mistress, and the court allowed her a pension out of her father's fortune which had been confiscated. She readily shared with Candid and Cacambo, whom she permitted to live in the same house, and industriously reported, that, having received such signal services from these two strangers, she thought herself obliged to reward them with all the pleasures of life. Some shrewd people penetrated into the motives of her kindness, which was not very difficult, as her intrigue with Candid, had unluckily transpired. Most people condemned her, and her conduct was approved, only by a few people who knew the world. Zenoide who payed some regard to the esteem of fools, was not quite happy

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in her situation. The death of Cunegund which the correspondents of trading Jesuits reported at Copenhagen, furnished Zenoide with an opportunity to reconcile the scrupulous; she ordered a pedigree to be made for Candid, and the author, who was a man of parts, proved him to be descended from one of the most ancient families in Europe: he even pretended that his real name was Canut, the name of an ancient Danish king, than which nothing could be more probable; for to change *did* into *ut* was no very extraordinary metamorphosis. In consequence of this trifling alteration, Candid became a nobleman of distinction. He was publicly married to Zenoide, with whom he enjoyed every possible felicity. Cacambo was their mutual friend, to whom Candid would often say, all is not so well here, as in Eldorado; yet things are tolerable.

F I N I S.

